ARTHUR SCHNABEL ON MUSIC CRITICS

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"MISSION TO MOSCOW"
By Joseph E. Davies
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

"TIME WAS: DEATH OF A JUNKER"
By Heinrich Hauser
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"THE IVORY MISCHIEF"
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"GENESEE FEVER"
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"PIED PIPER"
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THE PERNICIOUS DISPOSITION
A Guest Editorial
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"THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO PAST"
By Melville J. Herskovits
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JOSEPH E. DAVIES (author of "Mission to Moscow"): A capitalist among communists but not a "radish." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What's Wrong with Music Critics

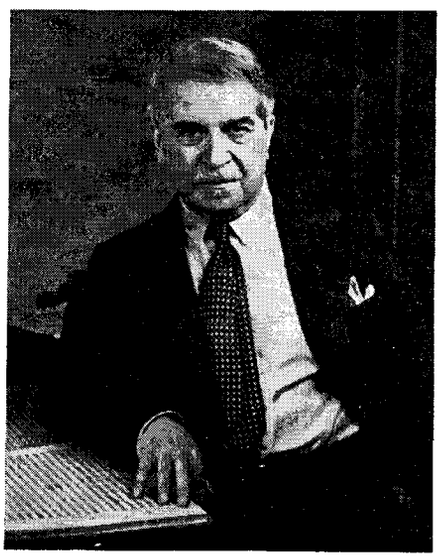
ARTHUR SCHNABEL

THE music critic is nowadays generally, almost automatically, understood to be a journalist. Writing for the newspapers, he has the established function of informing the "public" as to the qualities of musical works and performances whenever these are offered in public. His criticisms are obviously not meant to instruct the musicians who are criticized or even to be read by them—although often the musicians could learn something from reports about concerts. Such an influence—on the musician and not merely on the public—might increase the importance of the critic for the production of music.

Remarks about music that arouse the attention and stimulate the thoughts of musicians do not come from critics alone. Some quite naive statements by a simple layman might be striking enough to alter some of the ideas of a musician. In this way they might have gained, quite unwittingly, a certain importance for music. But critics are not supposed to be naive; their connection with music and their importance to music does not proceed from the fact that musicians are occasionally influenced and helped by reviews. The majority of critics are professional musicians (preponderantly teachers) and are, therefore, connected with music in the most legitimate manner. However, in the biggest cities where so many concerts have to be reviewed, a critic is usually prevented from exercising a professional musician's activity. He will have barely as much time as an amateur, and will presumably have much less gusto.

As a rule, only music which can be classed as art is performed at concerts (though the rule is becoming dangerously loose), and only concert and opera performances—a very small portion of the music supply that is flooding our defenseless ears—are reviewed. Recently, also, records, whatever their musical level. To have to listen day after day for many months of the year to public performances, with the obligation to write about each of them, is no enviable lot. The same pieces and performers will appear on many different occasions. Two-thirds, at least, of all interpretations are bound to be mediocre, if measured by the highest standards. As for the music itself, the standard works of the past (selected by the great critic, time) are no longer subject to debate. A large percentage of contemporary works not yet tested by time immediately reveal their comparative feebleness, as has always been the case.

The critic is always an idealist, and for one who pursues musical—artistic—ideals, to be placed in journalism must cause him some uneasiness. Frequently it must occasion inner conflict. For what is characteristic of the newspaper is its indifference to quality. Good, mediocre, and bad are quite mechanically juxtaposed in each edition. Love and business are not congenial mates. Nevertheless, considering the limited number of readers interested in artistic matters, the space allotted to such matters is rather extravagant. I have observed that this is true of many leading papers, and it occurs practically every day. To fill this space under all circumstances must present difficulties. What happens musically, in public, ranges from the sublime to the ridiculous, and all the way from high eminence to insufficiency. After the rare favor of a profound artistic experience nobody can wish to rush to a typewriter and reduce his exalted mood to words. Forced to do so, nobody can wish to see, the morning after, what he wrote under the spell of deep emotion and concentration, surrounded by columns of disinterested chatter. Every conscientious critic would wish again and again to return to the event which so affected him as to create a new outlook; but lack of space will prevent him from coming repeatedly back to it. On the other hand, no critic will wish, after an exhibition of hopeless self-deception, to attack the pitiable culprit (who did his best) with more than an embarrassing question; but this time, also, the available space may have to be filled.



Arthur Schnabel

I HAVE mentioned extreme cases; the majority of performances will be about halfway between, and fairly similar to each other. Lack of vitality, eloquence, and plasticity tends to assimilate uninspired accomplishments, irrespective of the school from which the tedium emanates. To think that the critic must evaluate each single fighter in the musical army—recruits as well as field marshals; the glowworms as well as stars; the blessed, the just passable, and the inept—one after the other—always filling *the same space!* Such a duty must, in many cases at least, constitute an act of self-denial. There is also the compulsion to be present at performances in conditions of fatigue, depression, or even occasional and quite understandable rebellion. No wonder that some critics, after decades of service, arrive at queer ideas about music. Their ambitions were focused on music, on fundamentals, principles, ideas, and ideals; on lasting substances; the superpersonal and superprovincial—their practice had to deal with musicians, idols, persons; with ephemeral and external features; with petty details, antics, technicalities, data, applause, and other trifles; and they found themselves obliged to write in a language not too austere for those who glance fleetingly at a newspaper page. Even all the musicians together and all they produce

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do not make up the whole of music. Music remains inexhaustible. The essence of music might, however, become obscured rather than revealed, if presented in excessive quantity, as in a metropolitan musical season.

BESIDES the danger of becoming blasé, there is—for the courted critic—the temptation to lose his modesty. Critics get tired, let me say, of the *Eroica* and don't mind saying so; forgetting that while they had the opportunity—nay, the obligation—to hear it dozens of times, the other listeners hear it only rarely; forgetting that every year there are many newcomers in the audience; forgetting also that musicians can never cease to use as test pieces such works as will always remain better than any conceivable performances of them. A critic, in short, might forget that neither the musician nor the public is placed as is he, the critic, the middleman between them—a human being, nevertheless, with innate or acquired idiosyncrasies.

These idiosyncrasies are sometimes expressed in propaganda for the obscure and the recherché; sometimes in a campaign for the plain and vulgar. After reaching the saturation point, critics are apt to decry the nobler intentions as intellectual affectation. Is it conceivable to enjoy without reserve, to embrace freely, to be open to the direct entrance of happiness, if one is restrained by the knowledge that after drinking at the source, the source has to be praised or criticized for the guidance of others? I wish, for the critics' sake, that it might be easier to overcome such difficulties than I imagine it is.

The occupation of a critic is evidently an exacting one, as is that of the musician or that of the teacher. In any occupation requiring unusual gifts only a small number of persons have succeeded in satisfying more than a fair portion of this occupation's requirements. Only a small number succeed now and, I dare say, will succeed in the future. To satisfy all demands is clearly impossible. Complaints about this state must be directed to nature. The achievements of the outstanding few provide the standards by which the results of all the efforts made by the lesser ones are measured. Mediocrity is an extremely elevated status considering that not much is above, but very much below. The excesses of publicity and advertising have falsified the notion of "mediocrity" to such an extent that it is now generally understood to be an almost insulting term of reproach. Though I have used it several times, I have never done so in a deprecating sense.

Great men are as rare among the critics as they are among the musicians or any other group, but the consequences of not being great are not the same for critics as they are for musicians who appear in public. Only the musicians are publicly criticized. The public's blind worship of printer's ink bestows upon almost every journalist the importance and prestige which properly is due only the best. The authority which is automatically bestowed upon each of them, and their natural protection from public opposition (for controversy is not usual amongst journalists on art) produce a twofold injustice. Newspaper readers, in general, consider the critic omniscient; those whom he criticizes privately blame him for not being omniscient. It is no fault of his. If a man accepts the position of critic, he is obliged, and must be prepared, to criticize everything and everybody. If you and I believe in the critic's omniscience because he is criticizing everything and everybody—in other words, just doing his job, we are very thoughtless. No individual, of course, can be an embodied musical encyclopedia; each individual is limited, and all one expresses beyond the reportage of bare facts, is inevitably personal. These are truisms, but they are forgotten again and again, or evaded, or misinterpreted. The fact that imperfection is the inescapable fate of each human being does not, of course, mean that all human beings are imperfect in the same degree and kind.

Journalism in art, as I said, exists for the information of the layman interested in art. Information is undoubtedly given, but often the information is sharply opposed to other information on the same subject and occasion. A layman who reads a morning as well as an evening paper and looks in both for the reviews of concerts, often learns—as his only information—the truth that even in an age of standardization taste has not yet been made uniform. A layman who reads only one paper, and always the same one, may easily have the bad luck to be informed by a person who happens not to be a luminary in his profession. Well, what then is the importance and effect of journalism on art? A cross section of all reviews on music written over two decades would probably describe quite well the musical situation during that period. Critics can be right and can be wrong; one and the same man can sometimes be right and sometimes wrong. The history of music has an abundance of amazing examples of fame gained in spite of the critics' hostility and contempt, and of failures suffered in spite of the critics' ardent support.

One temporary effect of journalism on music is often evident. Praise to the

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Millionaire in Moscow

MISSION TO MOSCOW. By Joseph E. Davies. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1941. 659 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

BACK in November, 1936, Germany and Japan signed the anti-Comintern Pact, a deal directed specifically against the Soviet Union. Power politics was shifting into high gear. The previous March Hitler had occupied the Rhineland. Japan was preparing to launch her attack on China. Britain was nursing the diplomatic bruises sustained in her clash with the Duce over Ethiopia. The civil war in Spain cast a lurid glow over Europe. Every informed observer realized that the Old World was moving rapidly toward a major crisis. The anti-Comintern Pact merely highlighted an already ominous state of affairs.

Nine days before the anti-Comintern Pact was signed in Berlin, the United States appointed a new Ambassador to Moscow, Joseph E. Davies, Wisconsin born and educated, a former corporation lawyer, business man, and government official. The mission to Moscow was his first experience in diplomacy. Late in 1936, Mr. Davies and his wife arrived in the Soviet capital. It was a favorable time to be there, both because there were no large issues at stake between Moscow and Washington and because it was an excellent observation post from which to watch the diplomatic-military melodrama that Europe was staging. Mr. Davies took with him an open mind, keen insight, and plenty of common sense.

Unlike so many chiefs of mission who went to the U. S. S. R., Mr. Davies was unwilling to spend all his time in Moscow. He was opposed to the time-honored diplomatic custom of depending for information on the gossip that circulated through the foreign colony. He went to Russia to see for himself, to reach his own conclusions, to send back to his government an independent interpretation of the land to which he was accredited. In all this he was highly successful. Some of his personal and official observations written four or five years ago sound more like history than forecasts of the future.

"Mission to Moscow" is a selection from the Ambassador's confidential dispatches, diary notes, personal letters, and official correspondence. It is one of the most significant books of our time. It is a readable, lucid, timely and informative piece of work. As a reference source it will become increasingly valuable as the years go by. But right now it is indispensable to the expert and layman alike. It helps us tremendously to understand what has been taking place not only in the Soviet Union but in the world at large. For Mr. Davies does not confine himself to the Russian scene. Some of his most revealing comments are directed to Germany, the Balkans, France, Britain, even to distant Japan. All these observations are grounded on hard common sense.

At the time of his appointment some Americans questioned the wisdom of sending a wealthy corporation lawyer and his rich wife to the proletarian capital of the world. Their fears proved to be entirely unjustified. Joseph E. Davies went to Moscow as an avowed capitalist. He never apologized for his background or wealth. This reviewer knows from personal experience with Soviet officials that they respect this attitude. They detest the cringing, apologetic visitor from the "other world" who tries to curry favor by sneering at his own non-Communist environment. A "radish," Soviet officials used to tell the reviewer, is red only on the outside; he is white on the inside. Mr. Davies was no "radish," and the Bolsheviks respected him for his honesty and moral courage.

In spite of being an avowed capitalist, Mr. Davies had not only an open mind but no little sympathy toward the Soviet experiment. On the whole, his interpretation of events in the U. S. S. R. is favorable to the Bolsheviks. But it is penetrating. For instance, in a letter to Stephen Early, March 9, 1937, we find this illuminating observation: "There is scarcely a day but what our American chauffeur 'Charlie' Giliberti is approached on the streets by some American who has taken out Soviet citizenship and who pleads that he intercede with the American authorities to help him get back home."

—Drawing by Alloro.

Mr. J. Stalin, Mr. Davies's host on his mission to Moscow.

There will be debate as to Mr. Davies's explanation of the famous Moscow trials. He believes that they were largely an effort on the part of Stalin to rid the country of Nazi and Japanese fifth columnists. Some readers will accept this explanation with reservations. But no matter how the reader may regard the trials, Mr. Davies's views should command respect. And it must never be forgotten that the American Ambassador, as head of a major embassy, had at his disposal sources of information not available to the private individual. Whether the reader agrees or disagrees with Mr. Davies on the subject of the great Soviet purges, the fact remains that his observations have historical value. They form part of the larger record that history is assembling today for future generations.

On one of his comments about the purges there can hardly be any debate. Mr. Davies puts it this way: "From the point of European peace, it is too bad as it discounts the real strength of this government as a reliable factor against Hitler." How true! The trials may not only have deceived Hitler; they surely had a part in causing the democracies to underrate the Soviet military potential.

In one of Mr. Davies's journal entries there is an interesting sidelight on pre-war Europe. He cites the opinion of a Polish Minister who boasted: " . . . within three weeks after the outbreak of war, Polish troops would be in Berlin; the 'West Wall' or 'Siegfried Line' was nothing but a 'cotton line.' Poland did not need Russian aid; they could handle the Germans easily and alone." Mr. Davies noted the tragic "lack of realism" in assessing Germany's strength so prevalent not only in Poland but in many other places as well.

Mr. Sumner Welles, then Acting Secretary of State, wrote Mr. Davies that publication of the material in this book is "definitely in the public interest." Certainly he was right. And the State Department has done a public service in opening its records on so important a subject at this time. This well-indexed volume provides an essential background for everybody who follows the dispatches from Europe today. The author steadily expressed his belief in Russia's military power. He predicted the Nazi-Soviet deal, the outbreak of the war, the German attack on Russia, and the amazing Soviet resistance. Mr. Davies is surely entitled to say: "I told you so!"

Henry C. Wolfe is the author of "The Imperial Soviets" and "The German Octopus."

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HISTORY-IN-THE-MAKING

Disillusion on the Right

TIME WAS: Death of a Junker. By Heinrich Hauser. Translated by Barrows Mussey. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1942. 308 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THIS is the colorful life-story of Heinrich Hauser, a German novelist of distinction who had a volcanic career. His family belonged to "a most remarkable, hitherto unstudied animal, the Junker class," which, like rank plants, had put out runners to Scandinavia, Chile, even to the United States. His grandfather was a Prussian General. The head of the family was an Admiral.

But in 1914 "barbarism began in Europe." And the son of a Junker family became a soldier: first in the German army, later in a patriotic volunteer corps. "It was the Junker class," the author proudly writes, "anti-republican, anti-democratic, anti-pacifist, that put the extremist democratic and pacifist Weimar Republic on its feet."

Then Mr. Hauser was a sailor, a reporter on the liberal paper *Frankfurter Zeitung,* he traveled with the famous Sarrasani Circus as advertising man, he wrote poetic novels and books on automobiles.

When Hitler usurped power in his fatherland, Mr. Hauser, like many of his class, became a Nazi. He did not like the Stormtroopers nor the Nazi officials. He believed in Hitler himself. He was convinced that Hitlerism was a really popular movement. He was stirred by Hitler's nationalism. He was happy when he saw how several dozen petty states were united into one Greater Germany. And he was even more happy when he saw boys and girls in the villages—the young men in Storm Troop uniform—no longer trying to imitate American jazz. "They remembered the old round dances again, and the girls showed all they had in the way of bosom and hips, and it was plenty, and they were proud of it."

There were still seven millions of unemployed in Germany. Hitler promised them work. He promised to bring the small tradesman back into his own. He promised to abolish the big factories. He promised each small shopkeeper "his little shop in a corner of the old Jewish department store." Heinrich Hauser was elated. He did not mind dictatorship, he did not see that many Jews who had fought for his fatherland were sent to concentration camps and robbed of their last pfennig, he overlooked that many of his colleagues (and more famous than he) were driven out from their country. But he began to feel how terribly the credulous Germans were being cheated by Hitler.

He would still have stayed in Germany if it had not been for a trip to Canada in 1938. When he came back to Germany he resolved to emigrate. "From a Germany," he writes, "where it was no longer permitted to be German I decided to rescue as much as possible of the best I knew." It seems he left his country because he feared it might become an outlying province of Asia. One of his friends told him: "I've traced back Hitler's family tree. The man is a Tartar. Some Turkish soldier raped his great-grandmother at the siege of Vienna." Mr. Hauser, the Junker, was afraid of chaos.

This story of pre-war childhood, war adventures and after-war experiences in Germany and various other countries is told with verve but in a rather unclear way. It rapidly shifts from one scene to another. The author passes in his writing from the lyrical to the colloquial, from the colloquial to the descriptive, and then to the political which he hardly masters. Many times, however, a poetic quality lifts sentences above pedestrian prose.

"Time Was" is an illuminating disclosure of the ideas and thoughts of a young German of the Junker class whose honesty cannot be doubted but whose sometimes rather confused and sentimental confessions fail to make his book very impressive—though it helps to convey the chaotic mind of pre-Hitler and Nazi Germany and especially of the younger generation.

—*From "He Who Laughs—Lasts."*

The Four Horsemen

Pattern of Defeat

THE ANCHORED HEART. By Ida Treat. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THIS is a minute fragment of the pattern of the fall of France. Ida Treat, observing the coming of war, defeat, and occupation to her small Brittany island, has set down dispassionately the things her eyes could see, her ears hear, and her mind understand. In so doing, she has tried to give in microcosm a picture of the last days of French democracy.

"Coeur à l'Ancre" is the name Ida Treat and her French sea-captain husband gave their stone house on the island off the Brittany coast. Sturdy, enduring as the house were the Breton fisher-people who were Ida Treat's neighbors, the sound, brave people whom she would have us believe make up the core of France.

War came first in the shape of a French garrison—good fellows, but completely without military training. Then the fall of France, realized, as with us, from the radio news, but somehow with a less appalling clearness; following it, on oiled wheels, the German occupation.

The book is not notably successful as a picture of the Breton islanders; it is too subjectively felt perhaps by the author to be vivid and characteristic. But it gives a strong sense of the island and the German army.

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Meeker . . .

THE IVORY MISCHIEF. By Arthur Meeker, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 841 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT was all to end with that mocking prayer rising from Paris streets, "Our father who art in Versailles, unhallowed is thy name, thy kingdom is no longer great, thy will is no more done on earth, nor on the wave. Give us this day our daily bread, which everywhere is lacking. . . ." And eleven years before Mr. Meeker's story opens, an Englishman, one John Evelyn, had reported on a visit to the Marseilles galleys, "I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley crowded together. . . The rising forward and falling-back at their oar is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains. . . ." Moreover, what Foucault tells of the *dragonnades* in 1685, makes the age of the Sun King seem like an anticipation of Hitler's. It was a crass and cruel time.

And it was, of course, as Mr. Meeker depicts it, also a great and glittering time, with the Grand Monarque conducting a dazzling court and shaking Europe with his armies. This, however, was in the days of his youth, and in that era there lived two very beautiful ladies, the sisters de la Louppe, around whom Mr. Meeker weaves his brilliant story. He commands an exhaustive scholarship without the slightest sacrifice of liveliness to the dust of libraries.

All that he tells us is true of the time of Louis XIV. Every character lived and breathed as he makes them live and breathe again. In their own aristocratic world we are convinced that such were their lives, of extravagance, of artificiality, of intrigue, of vanity and childishness. But the sisters, Cateau and Magdelon, are appealing sprites, in spite of the former's promiscuity and the latter's mental adolescence. The manners and appointments of the time are spread before us with meticulous accuracy. This was a glittering world, uncomprehendingly aloof from the French people, those dumb driven cattle. The capital coruscated with gaiety in the winter months, the long summers on country estates were infinitely tedious for the womenfolk of strutting warriors fighting interminable wars from Spain to Flanders.

This tome—and it runs to nearly seven hundred pages—embodies years of loving study. The story's facts were all on record in dusty archives, but the motivation of the characters, the sophistication and psychological skill of the author, have made the people and the period come alive. There are delicious things in the book, too: one notable observation being, in the Second Book, on "Cateau:" "She spoke with a simple nobility of manner that convinced her sister that she must be lying." Do we hear of sculpture by Poissant, a dainty shepherdess of a gilt mechanical clock, how the Quality would use "Jesus!" as an exclamation or the epithet *"furiously* successful" in the same way that a modern girl might say *"madly* becoming,"—do we learn of hair being dressed *à la hurl uberlu,* of the comedian Floridor, or of the rhymesters of the Pont Neuf,—all these details and a thousand more have been culled with exquisite care, and serve perfectly to point-up the narrative. Nor should it be imagined that the human side of the story suffers thereby; there are innumerable shrewd observations of character, reports on mannerisms, insights into the preoccupations of the time. N. B. Turn —for a human touch—to the characterization of Magdelon's children at the bottom of page 346! The self-absorption of Cateau, as displayed in her love scene with her truly belovèd Duc de Candale, in Chapter Two of Book Two, and, later on, in the scene with her husband on the eve of her exile, shows superb analysis of the worldly mind. Elsewhere there is true poignance, notably in the case of the brainless Magdelon.

> Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold. . . .

How they lived, schemed and loved, how they masked and unmasked, how they were giddy and amiable, how one at least survived ostracism, and both grew old—all of it makes a gallant story. To contemplate the long elegant lines of the golden-headed Cateau, as opposed to "the little maid-of-honour's stump figure and restless self-assertiveness. . . . Mademoiselle de Toucy was made to look suddenly very common and strangely *thick through,"* is to view the epitome of the merit of the period. Its demerit is written large upon the pages of history, a demerit leading eventually, by way of the glittering eighteenth century which followed, to the mob of July 1789 storming the Bastile.

This is an historical novel not aimed at Hollywood, not succumbing to the merely theatrical. Urbane and accomplished, amazingly comprehensive, it also has its decidedly moving and dramatic moments; but it quietly takes its place among works of literature, a station to which few books of the day attain. To err is human—but did these gleaming ants and grasshoppers err much more than we? They had not the engines then to prove nearly so destructive. Physical love

Arthur Meeker, Jr.

obsessed them perhaps as much as it has obsessed a recent generation in America, according, at least, to American novelists. Of course, to lift such a period novel as this to greatness, it would have been necessary for Mr. Meeker to have raised his viewpoint above the comparatively narrow horizons to which he has chosen to confine it; but within those horizons his eye has been extortionate, his curiosity insatiable, and he has given us, as well as a richly decorated human story, a memorable picture of the *haut monde* of an incredible era!

Rosman . . .

NINE LIVES. By Alice Grant Rosman. New York: Putnam. 1941. 238 *pp.* $2.

Meet Sam Penguin, Cat of London. Sam came from obscure origins but he is a cat of character and personality. He has been through the fearful London bombings and has conducted himself as a proud English cat should. He sends bits of his own food to cats who have more pressing need and he accepts the changed conditions of his world without complaint and without undue brooding.

Against a background of war beset life, Mrs. Rosman sets the daily story of her cat. In telling it she tells too of the friends and chance encounters that nights in shelters and days in relief work bring about. It is a straightforward tale full of humor and without the sentimental overtones that one fears from such a volume. Sam must have made good reading for English cat lovers and he will please American fanciers no less. Mrs. Rosman has written a light, entertaining book about war days without minimizing or falsifying the gravity of London's long siege.

G. B.

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Carmer . . .

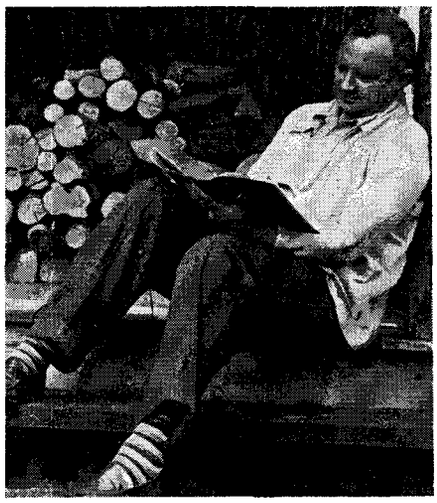
GENESEE FEVER. By Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 360 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WHY should the Mohawk and the Hudson have all the good historical novels of New York? Mr. Carmer is seeing to it that the Genesee Valley is the scene of at least one. Few districts are richer in historical values; and in Carl Carmer it has a champion who has shown before, as he shows now, that he can marry fact and fancy with happy effect.

His period is that of the valley's American beginnings, when the republic was new, when Niagara seemed in the far West, and when the falls of the Genesee were surrounded by virgin wilderness. He has taken the decade of the 1790s, when that remarkable Scot, Charles Williamson, land promoter and British military officer, was opening up and selling off the huge Phelps-Gorham tract for its new owners, the London Associates. At times Williamson seems almost the hero of Mr. Carmer's narrative. He had his own methods of land promotion. Becoming a naturalized American citizen, he scattered circulars broadcast, founded a newspaper, arranged horse races, supported a theatre, and made speeches in the legislature to which he got himself four times elected. He let it be known that all and sundry were welcome if they brought cash and brawn to the redemption of the wilderness—that no questions would be asked about place of origin and reason for emigration. "A Beelzebub," declares one of Mr. Carmer's more straitlaced characters; "he wants only sinners and revelers about him—that they may lure other sinners and revelers to his lands." Yet this sagacious and energetic agent, building turnpikes, bridges, and a hotel, laboring and scheming incessantly to build up his Conhocton and Genesee domain, had some aristocratic ideas too; he wanted a set of baronial families in the area, and with Robert Morris and Aaron Burr took measures to that end.

With the affectionate feeling that gives insight, and with scholarly accuracy mingled with a due amount of invention, Mr. Carmer has told the tale of the peopling of the country. His protagonist, Nathan Hart, is one of the few fictional characters; most of the people who play main roles are taken from history. Here we meet Red Jacket and Cornplanter, Colonel Wadsworth and Mary Jemison, the Indian captive and convert. The tale is well



—*Disraeli*

Carl Carmer

devised to make the most of the social conflicts, the political currents and cross-eddies, of the place and time. Young Hart, a refugee from the Whiskey Rebellion down in Pennsylvania, and a friend of ragged democracy, earnestly takes sides against Williamson's endeavors to plant a landed gentry among the sturdy pioneer farmers. He makes himself a champion of the impoverished and struggling; he wants no serfdom or peasantry, just as he wants none of Alexander Hamilton's politico-economic schemes. Meanwhile, he is getting on his feet as a painter and landholder, and finding a mate. For a time he looks to a lovely missionary of one of the eccentric religious sects which found so fertile a soil in pioneer America; but in the end he puts aside Rachel, the fascinating disciple of the prophet called The Universal Friend, and takes a half-breed maiden instead.

This is a sound, interesting, and carefully wrought historical novel. At times it seems even too carefully wrought; the reader would welcome more spontaneous invention, more glow and color, than Mr. Carmer gives us. The narrative interest is never of a kind that carries us away, while at times the flow of the story is badly choked by the introduction of minor characters and episodes. But taken as a whole it is a delightful recreation of an unfamiliar segment of the American past, with more of depth and subtlety than most books of its kind afford.

Reeves . . .

THEN AGAIN JUNE. By Elizabeth Reeves. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

The heroine of this book, illegitimate daughter of an actor and actress and stepdaughter of a travelling salesman, is a delicate young exquisite who has managed to reach the age of twenty in a small Wisconsin city without knowing what marriage is about. American balladry contains a robust epitaph about a maiden in a Colorado mining camp who maintained the same naivete till her decease at the age of six. This *jeu d'esprit* concludes with the approbatory couplet:

> Dern good goin'
> For these here parts!

The girl at hand, or rather, not at hand, flutters between a substantial and amiable young gentleman who thinks highly of double beds as a matrimonial adjunct, and a lackadaisical young camera artist who holds the heroine's affections by threatening at intervals to shoot himself. This wraith, having a chance to take pictures in South America, throws over his Platonic passion. She then marries the double-bed man.

There seems to be nothing more significant and certainly nothing nearly as succinct in this story as in the funeral verse mentioned, which any convenient bartender will be glad to furnish in its abrupt entirety. P. S.

Liddon . . .

SOME LOSE THEIR WAY. By Eloise Liddon. New York: Dutton. 1941. 352 *pp.* $2.50.

Miss Liddon's novel possesses all the trappings of a romance, just the kind of romance which her heroine, Adriana More, might have read in between two of Scott's novels, which are naturally her major diet. The time and place are the ante-bellum South, Alabama in the 1830's, when there were still rivers to cross by coach and four, Indians on their last war-path, and the first bold talk of secession. Adriana is a stock actress on the road, and there comes to her a full portion of experience. She plays Desdemona with Junius Brutus Booth. She is loved by two men, who fight a duel over her. She first loves one, then marries the other, and learns a second and profounder love. It is clear that these are materials capable of infinite expansion. They might have made a big, passionate novel, against a stirring historic background. It is not easy to say just why this does not emerge. Miss Liddon writes earnestly, with a good deal of care for her characterizations, if with somewhat less for her background. But Adriana never takes command of the book as she should, never attains either stature or depth. She remains, indeed, too much like the pretty, blank-faced type-portrait of a Southern belle on the dust-cover. N. L. R.

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Shute . . .

PIED PIPER. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1941. 306 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IF you have an adventure story to tell, you must never let your scenery get out of hand. The more unusual your characters and their doings, the more recognizable must be the world through which they move. The soul may be strange, the motives unlikely, but the clothes and the furniture must conform to daily living. Most of Mr. Hitchcock's films obey this rule; so did the novel "Escape." Stevenson, John Buchan, Francis Iles—in short, writers of great or good adventure or detective fiction—have in almost all their books obeyed it. Let it be said for Mr. Shute that he obeys it too.

"Pied Piper" is a most improbable tale, in a quite probable setting. An old Englishman, Mr. Howard, is trapped in France by the German invasion of 1940. He agrees to escort two little English children back to England, their parents having decided to stay in Geneva. As he makes his way northward, he gathers other refugees—the small daughter of a *femme de chambre,* a homeless French boy, a Dutch boy. At first the journey is by train; then the trains break down and one must go by autobus; then, at last, on foot. The bewildered populace, the sulky French soldiers, the querulous officials give way, first to German aeroplanes, bombing the roads, then to silence and emptiness, then to the German army, quite well behaved and quite horrible. Since Mr. Howard speaks French well enough, and his English charges are bilingual, they can get along if they remember always to speak French. They reach Brest, arrangements are made for a boat to carry them across the Channel; and then, at the last moment, somebody forgets to speak French.

It is an old and honorable tradition that, in stories dealing with fugitives, the fugitives should be captured at the last moment. Mr. Howard, in the hands of the Gestapo, is rescued by means which, while ingenious and unlikely as fact, are most agreeable as theory. The author finds a weak spot in Nazi barbarism; he exploits it for all he is worth; the reader is delighted.

When compared with other literature upon the collapse of France, "Pied Piper" is merely a tenuous idyll. It is not, however, attenuated. It never stagnates, it has plenty of suspense, it is not implausible. It is, to be sure, the sort of book which you can take or leave alone. But, if taken, it will certainly please.

Nevil Shute

Winslow . . .

MAN IN PARADISE. By Walker Winslow. Smith & Durrell. 1941. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

The Hawaii of this novel is a far cry from the paradise of travel folders and escape writers; Mr. Winslow here shows us an Hawaii completely disenchanted, the real Hawaii that exists behind the magic spell. Here is an island beautiful and damned; here are corruption, race hatred, political expediency, the many and the weak manipulated to the interest of the few and strong.

Walker Winslow's illustration of his theme is striking: Noah Kapahula, village idiot of the little town of Makulei, runs amok and murders a Japanese pool-hall proprietor and his little daughter. The Japanese, a rising political group, must be appeased, Noah becomes a pawn in a devious and sinister political game. To Baird Nevins, psychiatrist and brother of the man who has been chosen to defend him at the mockery of a trial, Noah—Noah's very existence, in fact—is a symbol of the blundering and slothfulness of democracy. Noah must be saved, a living symbol of democracy's indolence. Baird's fight to prove Noah's insanity, the legal technicality on which the whole case hinges, and to clarify his own mind and purpose, is the dramatic theme of a novel capable of a fine and trenchant anger, often quick and incisive. It might, perhaps, have been more so had Mr. Winslow stated his theme a little less obliquely and spent a little more time in clarifying the intricacies of the Hawaiian political background. Still, the book's great timeliness cannot be questioned.

H. C.

Griffin . . .

THE WHITE COCKADE. By Henry F. Griffin. New York: The Greystone Press. 1941. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN appearance, "The White Cockade" is a competitor for the annual Anthony Adverse Sweepstakes: a bulky volume with costumed figures on the dust jacket, a cast of characters including Talleyrand, John Jacob Astor, and Alexander Hamilton besides imaginary Yankee sea-captains, aristocratic French emigrés, a Stuart pretender, a villainous British officer, soldiers, sailors, Indians, and villagers, a scene sweeping over France, Haiti, Connecticut, Fort Niagara, and the Western wilderness, and an author's note thanking some learned librarians.

There is bustle enough in Mr. Griffin's book for one of those novels the blurbs like to call "epic,"—blood and slaughter at wholesale rate and a grand finale in which the superfluous members of the caste are swept over Niagara Falls, this last perhaps in a desperate effort to satisfy what Mark Twain said was the first rule for this kind of fiction—a rule often enough violated in practice—that it should contain two kinds of characters, living and dead, and that the reader should be able to tell which was which.

But the pretense that this is a novel for adults is little more than a transparent disguise. Before the vogue for blood and thunder, this book would have been issued modestly "for boys from twelve to sixteen" among whom it deserves an approving public. It should satisfy their simple taste for action, and it contains no emotion they would not find elementary. Even its apparent size should not dismay them; its size derives solely from wide margins, thick paper, and large print.

Reading time for the average sixth grader: Christmas afternoon, after dinner.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 406)

HORACE:
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING
(Satires)

Master first the subtle art of flavors. . . . Nor is it enough to sweep up fish from the expensive stalls, not knowing which are better with sauce, and which, if broiled, will tempt the tired guest to raise himself once more upon his elbow.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE PERNICIOUS DISPOSITION

News Item: *"More dangerous than enemy propaganda is the disposition on the part of many well-meaning but thoughtless Americans to believe and spread unfounded rumors and lies."*

This is the subject of today's guest editorial. The author is Lucian, who, when he wrote the following dialogue almost eighteen hundred years ago, called it, simply, "The Liar."

Tychiades: Philocles, what is it that makes men so fond of a lie? Can you explain it? Their delight in romancing themselves is only equalled by the earnest attention with which they receive other people's efforts in the same direction.

Philocles: Why, in some cases there is no lack of motives for lying—motives of self-interest.

Tychiades: Ah, but that is neither here nor there. I am not speaking of men who lie with an object. There is some excuse for that; indeed, it is sometimes to their credit, when they deceive their country's enemies, for instance, or when mendacity is but the medicine to heal their sickness. Odysseus, seeking to preserve his life and bring his companions safe home, was a liar of that kind. The men I mean are innocent of any ulterior motive. They prefer a lie to truth, simply on its own merits; they like lying, it is their favorite occupation; there is no necessity in the case. Now what good can they get out of it?

Philocles: Why, have you ever known any one with such a strong natural turn for lying?

Tychiades: Any number of them.

Philocles: Then I can only say they must be fools, if they really prefer evil to good.

Tychiades: Oh, that is not it. I could point you out plenty of men of first-rate ability, sensible enough in all other respects, who have somehow picked up this vice of romancing. It makes me quite angry: what satisfaction can there be to men of their good qualities in deceiving themselves and their neighbors? There are instances among the ancients with which you must be more familiar than I. Look at Herodotus, or Ctesias of Enidus; or, to go further back, take the poets . . . Many a time I have blushed for them, as I read of the mutilation of Uranus, the fetters of Prometheus, the revolt of the Giants . . . enamoured Zeus taking the shape of bull or swan . . . Pegasuses, Chimeras, Gorgons, Cyclopes, and the rest of it—monstrous medley! fit only to charm the imaginations of children for whom Mormo and Lamia still have their terrors . . .

But when it comes to national lies, when one finds whole cities bouncing collectively like one man, how is one to keep one's countenance? A Cretan will look you in the face and tell you that yonder is Zeus's tomb . . . If you presume to doubt these stories, if you choose to exert your common sense, and leave Pan's Marathonian exploits, and Orithyia's mishaps to the stronger digestions of a Coroebus and a Margites, you are a fool and a blasphemer for questioning such palpable truth. Such is the power of lies!

Philocles: I must say I think there is some excuse, Tychiades, both for your national liars and for the poets. The latter are quite right in throwing in a little mythology; it has a very pleasing effect, and is just the thing to secure the attention of their hearers . . . However, I surrender to your ridicule any one who has no such motive. and yet rejoices in lies.

Tychiades: Very well; now I have just been with the great Eucrates, who treated me to a whole string of old wives' tales. I came away in the middle of it; he was too much for me altogether. Furies could not have driven me out more effectually than his marvel-working tongue.

Philocles: What! Eucrates, of all credible witnesses? That venerably bearded sexagenarian, with his philosophic leanings? I could never have believed that *he* would lend his countenance to other people's lies, much less that he was capable of such things himself.

Tychiades: My dear sir, you should have heard the stuff he told me; the way in which he vouched for the truth of it all too, solemnly staking the lives of his children on his veracity! I stared at him in amazement, not knowing what to make of it. One moment I thought he must be out of his mind; the next, I concluded he had been a humbug all along, an ape in a lion's skin. It was monstrous . . . That is what I got by going to Eucrates's; and, upon my word, Philocles, my overloaded stomach needs an emetic as much as if I had been drinking new wine. I would pay something for the drug that should work oblivion in me: I fear the effects of haunting reminiscence: monsters, demons, Hecates, seem to pass before my eyes.

Philocles: I am not much better off. They tell us it is not only the mad dog that inflicts hydrophobia; his human victim's bite is as deadly as his own, and communicates the evil as surely. You, it seems, have been bitten with many bites by the liar Eucrates, and have passed it on to me; how otherwise can I explain the demoniacal poison that runs in my veins?

Tychiades: What matter, friend? Truth and good sense: these are the drugs for our ailment. Let us employ them, and that empty thing, a lie, need have no terrors for us.

Behold This Dreamer

Sara Henderson Hay

"And Joseph dreamed another dream, and he told it to his brethren. And they hated him yet the more."

Genesis 37, 5.

I TELL you, they liked me not, from the very beginning.
They were banded together against me, eleven to one,
Although I was harmless enough, and a younger son,
And only given to dreams, and the reckless spinning
Of arrogant visions whose telling had little savor
For those I prophesied would bow down before me—
But my father reckoned the pitiful hurt that tore me
And gave me a princely robe, and his old-man's favor.

I was overly proud of my colorful coat, it seems,
And lacked the natural wit, or the tact, to hide it.
For my brothers' raiment was shabby and dull beside it.
Moreover, I prated too often of one of my dreams,
And my envious brethren, liking the tale no whit,
Sold me a slave to Egypt, because of it.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Who Wrote This? [Balzac]

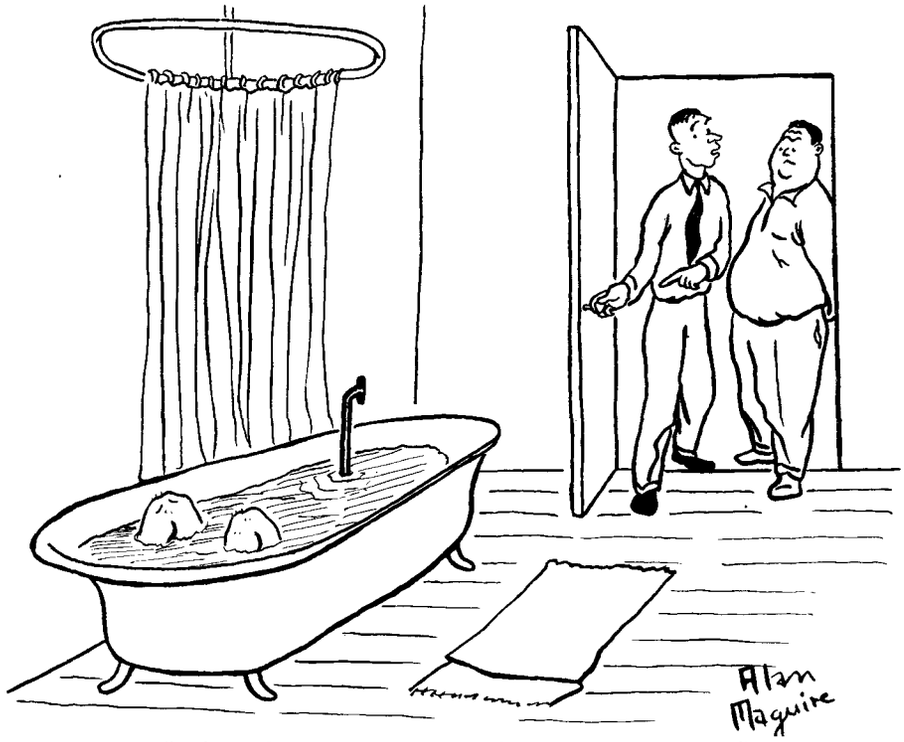
SIR:—No less a writer than Balzac is responsible for Miss Dunlap's "Chateau Mystery," but he called it "La Grande Bretêche." Maugham included it in his "Tellers of Tales" anthology of short stories. How curious the human imagination and memory when we can forget titles and authors but remember not only plots but also names of the characters involved. I suppose, to keep up with the current letters pointing out literary resemblances, I should point out a plot resemblance of the story of two of Poe's, "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Black Cat."

HENRY I. CHRIST.

Richmond Hill,
New York.

[*Editor's Note: In the first week following publication of "The Chateau Mystery," by Katherine Dunlap* [SRL, *Dec. 27*], *some* 37,564 *readers were apparently caught napping. The following readers, however, all rushed in with the correct answer: Le Grande Bretêche, by Balzac, which Somerset Maugham included in his "Tellers of Tales."*]

Charles A. Brady, 763 Parker Blvd.
Henry I. Christ, 8927 Lefferts Blvd., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Marjorie H. Norton, Birnam Rd., East Northfield, Mass.
Howard Collins, Monroe, Mich.
Jean M. Beidleman, 109 Western Ave., Chatham, N. J.
Armette Van Bezey, 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.
Martin B. Fried, 25 W. 45 N. Y. C.
Ralph Friedrich, 3846 Millsbrae Av., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Katherleen V. Wade, 61 High St., Salem, West Virginia.
May B. Ackerman, 223 Orchard Pl., Ridgewood, N. J.
J. Monroe Thorington, The Cambridge, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
Edward R. Kosik, 2619 E. Edgemont St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Ann Reid, 1522 K. St., N. W. Washington, D. C.
Philip W. Harry, Franklin & Marshall College Lancaster, Penna.
Libby Greenberg, 267 State St., New Haven, Conn.
William King, St. Louis Public Library, Olive, 13 and 14th Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Alice M. Menner, Trenton, N. J.
Henry Hood, 2020 Chadbourne Ave., Madison, Wisc.
Wallace T. Collett, 5618 Whitney Pl., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hazel Zryson, Abilene.
Mrs. N. A. Ryerson, 1001 Locust St., Alva, Okla.
Ernestine R. Fernald, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. A. A. Kerr, Philadelphia.
Rev. Marion Casey, Minnesota.
Ruth I. Wilson, Forest Hills.



"He's working up atmosphere for a submarine story."

E. T. Helman, Ohio.
Mrs. William E. Carson, N. Y.
Frank Mosley, North Carolina.
Muriel Edgerton, Lynbrook, N. Y.
Marjorie W. Patterson, 1740 Banks, Houston, Texas.
Marie Rick, Woodland Hills, Jackson, Mississippi.
Gertrude W. Page, 1806 S. Hobart Place, Los Angeles, Cal.
Duncan Mackintosh, 609 Crawford St., Crawfordsville, Ind.
D. Bartlett McCardle, 514 W. Beechtree Lane, Wayne, Penn.
Alice Dyar Russell, 2001 Marengo Ave., S. Pasadena, Cal.
Phillip Noe Nelson, Tusculum College, Greeneville, Tenn.
Earl F. Walbridge, 30 E. 75th St., N. Y. C.
Ethel L. Bruya, Box 404, Shirley, Mass.
W. B. Bonmeister, 5718 Winthrop Ave., Madison, Wisconsin.
Halsey Stevens, College of Music, Peoria, Ill.

Go Arkansas

SIR:—In the *SRL*, Dec. 27, you published a letter, "Line Forms to the Right" about Eureka Springs, Arkansas as a desirable town in which to live economically. I should like to add an endorsement to that letter.

Excellent highways serve the entire section and Eureka Springs is located on the Missouri & Arkansas Railway, a line limited in mileage but not in public spirits, co-operation and such things as should build industries, towns and sections.

W. S.

Joplin, Mo.

Hark, Mr. Collins!

SIR:—May I correct an error in Mr. Howard Collins's Christmas Poem "Quiz"? Charles Wesley did not, contrary to the general opinion, write "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!" In his Christmas poem there is no reference to angels at all. The first two stanzas run

> Hark, how all the welkin rings!
> 'Glory to the King of Kings!
> Peace on earth and mercy mild,
> God and sinners reconciled.'
>
> Joyful, all ye nations rise,
> Join the triumph in the skies;
> Universal nature say
> 'Christ the Lord is born to-day!'

The hymn, as found in most hymnbooks to-day, is a shorten'd and altered version of Charles Wesley's original. The angels were, I think, introduced by George Whitefield, and he, or Martin Madan is responsible for the change from Wesley's

> Pleased as man with men to appear
> Jesus, our Emmanuel here!

to

> Pleased as man with man to dwell
> Jesus, our Emmanuel.

This is on the whole an improvement, but the alteration of "men" to "man" is a pity. So is the omission of the last two verses. Also while the introduction of the angels is obviously a stroke of genius toward enhancing the hymn's popular appeal, a good many people regret the removal of "universal nature" with its presage of Wordsworth's poetic philosophy.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Carmel, California.

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History on Rails

IRON HORSES: American Locomotives, 1829-1900. By E. P. Alexander. W. W. Norton. 1941. 96 *pp., with appendix.* $5.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

THE American railroad is so clearly the pathway into most of our transcontinental growth and much of our Western culture, that every authentic, well-managed book of railroad history should be welcomed in an Americana collection. But "Iron Horses" is more than a mere collector's piece; it is a continuous picture story which, besides outlining the technical and economic development of the locomotive, carries the suggestion of events and the color of succeeding eras. No one can look, for instance, at the gorgeous colored lithograph of the flamboyant *Tiger* which forms the center insert of the book, without feeling the whole upsurge of the 1850's in the nation's first great industrial boom. In the last, 1900, drawings, with their powerful, functonal lines, comes the sense of American commerce settled into its long, even, world-dominant stride.

Mr. Alexander has filled out his collection with drawings of his own of the earlier engines of which contemporary prints are unsatisfactory. In this way, he has been able to show the actual mechanics of such antique jobs as the *Best Friend* of 1830, the Stevens-Dripps *Monster* of 1834, Baldwin's *Black Hawk* of 1835, and the 1834 *Mud Digger* of Ross Winans. These clear profiles are a relief to students who have strained their eyes over the vague sketches of the time. For some of the later designs, he has used mechanical drawings or shaded elevations made by the manufacturers. The usefulness of the book to readers who really want to know how these machines worked has not been damaged by artists' flights of fancy, and in the more pictorial lithographs into which a suggestive background has been sketched, mechanical clarity is never sacrificed.

The text is purposely slight, consisting, except for some twenty pages of introductory historical outline, of extended captions facing the plates. These descriptions are surprisingly comprehensive considering their brevity, giving the names of designer and builder, the purpose to which the locomotive was put, the road on which it ran, any new invention it contained, and such significant events as special runs, records, or accidents in its career. Where authentic specifications have been available—such as weight, driver diameters, cylinder dimensions, etc., these are included. Useful addenda are a list of locomotive builders, Whyte's system of locomotive classification, and a bibliography.

The selection of the plates has been guided by an effort to show the distinctively American development away from the rigid, heavy English model toward the more flexible machine, with its swivel truck, supple frame, and shock-absorbing devices required by our sharper curves and rougher roadbeds. This arrangement has demanded a ruthless discarding of material which has been so confusing.

As a job of bookmaking, with its fascinating pictorial lining paper, "Iron Horses" is worth its price.

A Myth Undermined

THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO PAST. By Melville J. Herskovits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 374 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD COURLANDER

THE Negro in America customarily is thought of as a man whose cultural specialties sprang from slavery, and whose more ancient (and inadequate) traditions were left almost whole in Africa. He is regarded as a novel and synthetic creation of New World attitudes and economics, a man without roots except in the cotton fields of Mississippi, the rice fields of the Sea Islands, and the sugar plantations of Louisiana. This is the core of the myth that Melville J. Herskovits attacks as being a support and rationalization for race prejudice in the United States. The myth includes the concept of the Negro as childlike, adjustable to the most unsatisfactory of social conditions, and derived of the poorest African stock. It characterizes the Negro slave as being so devoid of "culture" that he was easily trained into new ways of life and new habits of thinking. It portrays him, as he came here, as religionless, without esthetic values, and without an innate sense of order.

"The Myth of the Negro Past" is, as the author puts it, "the documentation of an hypothesis" that the myth is utterly invalid. The slaves did not come into America from vacuous, savage societies. They came from kingdoms in Gold Coast, Dahomey, Nigeria, and other territories of West Africa which possessed complex social structures, complex precepts of law, morality, and order, and highly organized religious

—Drawing by Rockwell Kent, from "Candy," by L. M. Alexander.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE FAMOUS BOYS

Briefly described below are ten more famous boys from the world of books. (Others in Oct. 14, 1939 and July 5, 1940.) How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Don't look now, but the answers are on the facing page.

1. He died too soon to become a partner in his father's business.
2. Because of an accident that was due to his own carelessness, this great lubberly Chinese boy became the first person to eat roast pork.
3. He bought a package of My Little Sweetheart All-Tobacco Cuban Cigarettes, but fortunately his rival smoked them.
4. He died, leaving a dusty toy dog and a rusted soldier.
5. He had a teddy bear named Winnie the Pooh.
6. This eight-year-old Englishman preferred the companionship of his dog, Hamlet, to that of his family.
7. With his sister, this little boy went on a long round-trip journey in search of a bluebird.
8. Following his father's orders, this boy refused to abandon ship, despite the fact that it was burning.
9. Though crippled in infancy, this young prince was able to do considerable traveling by spreading out his cloak and saying, "Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum!"
10. He was Fagin's best pupil in the art of stealing handkerchiefs.

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systems. They represented all levels of economic and political life.

From his own observations in the United States, Haiti, Suriname, Trinidad, and Dahomey, and from the colossal mass of reports of all periods by qualified writers, Mr. Herskovits demonstrates that the enslaved peoples did not easily relinquish their hold on the past. That they were not docile is evidenced by the number of slave revolts that took place in the New World, and by the fear of such revolts that permeated all plantation regions. That they had strong esthetic traditions is shown by the existence in the West Indies and South America of a great repertory of African music, and in the United States by the persistence of an African way of singing in combination with European melodies. Their literature comprises one of the largest bodies of American folklore. Dance patterns and the structure and conduct of religious gatherings in the South have been subtly and profoundly affected by African modes. Mr. Herskovits feels that the Baptist cults owe much to the Negro, having borrowed much over the years, and that the importance of water rites to this group is tied to essentially African attitudes. Even African words persist in the dialects of the Negro people, and the structure of the grammar itself has been modified to conform to West African traditions of speech.

The implications are not that the American Negro is African. They serve mainly to point out that he has had something substantial and worthy to which to cling, and to refute the contention that his first contact with civilization came when he set foot on American plantations. Through adaptation to new environmental conditions in the larger problems of life the American Negro has proved his right and ability to survive.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Paul Dombey, in "Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens.
2. Bo-Bo, in "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb.
3. Willie Baxter, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington.
4. "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field.
5. Christopher Robin, in "Winnie the Pooh," by A. A. Milne.
6. Jeremy Cole, in "Jeremy" and "Jeremy and Hamlet," by Hugh Walpole.
7. Tyltyl, in "The Bluebird," by Maurice Maeterlinck.
8. Giacomo Casabianca, in "Casabianca," by Felicia Hemans.
9. Prince Dolor, in "The Little Lame Prince," by Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.
10. Jack Dawkins (The Artful Dodger), in "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens.

How to Write About A Dog

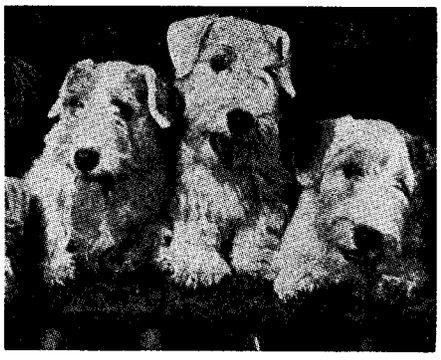
FAIRFAX DOWNEY

THE tales that wag the dog always have been one of the very best bets in the book business. Authors eager to summon a best seller to heel—as aren't we all—are well advised to whistle a canine out of their imagination or experience. It's been done time and again with gratifying success as witness: "The Call of the Wild," "The Bar Sinister," "Bob, Son of Battle," "Rab and His Friends," "Dumbbell of Brookfield," "Laddie of Sunnybank."

When the boys have done so well by going to the dogs—literally, so to speak—it may seem superfluous to suggest a new angle on the same theme. Yet mark that all dog stories to date have been romanticized and sentimentalized. Has there ever been a "Grapes of Wrath," a "For Whom the Bell Tolls" of dogdom? No indeed there hasn't, and it's high time there was. Realism is jolly well going to be the keynote when I write the biography of my family pet.

Our Scottie, which answers to the name of Jocky—when he damn pleases—sits on our best rug, grins up at me impudently and whines, as I contemplate him as a subject. It's clear that he doesn't want to go in a book. He wants to go out. I glare at him and recall the remark, attributed to a famous professor of mine, to the effect that a dog is always on the wrong side of a door. Clearly much of the time I might devote to putting him down on paper would have to be spent on putting him out on pavements. With distressing prescience, I can see something coming. Jocky is going to want to go out right in the middle of an air raid.

Although the greater part of Jocky's career is lived in the city, not many pages of my dog's life will be given to his urban existence, cabined and confined since it is. It is during the summer months in the country that he really comes through with copy. At first I thought all would be merry, with Jocky loose in the great out-of-doors. True, he would not be able to see the woods for the trees, but what of that? Seeing Jocky gamboling about would, I anticipated, remind me so much of Albert Payson Terhune's estate where his collies disport, that I would christen our piece of rural real estate "Sunnybank II." My mistake. I call it Gloomybank now.



—From "Book of Animals," by Bryan Holme.

Tally ho, what hunting takes place there of a summer! We spend it not riding to the hounds but running from one. We wear no pink coats but clothes pins on the nose. For Jocky has conferred upon me the not-so-honorary title of M.S.H.—Master of the Skunk Hound. He fiercely pursues those odoriferous beasts. At best, he harries them hither and yon in the vicinity of the house, and they express annoyance in their customary manner. At worst, he catches them and proudly displays his trophies on the lawn or the porch. In the course of the chase, he has acquired an aura which ought to be worth thousands of dollars worth of advertising to any soap manufacturer who could do anything about it. When thus annointed, Jocky is never fonder of my company.

Another favorite prey is the porcupine. At least once a summer regularly, our dumb, dumb animal plays the pin-cushion, completely forgetting the last painful bout. The result is a long trip to the vet's for quill extraction from Jocky and for bill extraction from me. Sometimes Jocky knocks off a woodchuck, but I fear it is always the one which has been eating the turnips so obligingly. The dog hopes to bring down an automobile some day and indulges in the infuriating habit of barking at and chasing every car that heaves in view. When it comes to his own kind, Jocky fancies himself as "Bob, Son of Battle" and will take on anything from an evil-tempered Chow to a pack of beagles. Twice last summer he tried to leap from the car and attack foes and, when restrained, inadvertantly but expensively bit the hand that held him. Then heigh-ho for the surgeon and some costly cauterizing.

My book will end with this touch of super-realism, the most unconventional finale ever to appear in a dog story:

"Until Jocky bore down on my budget, I never had been able to remember whether it is the dog or the horse that is man's best friend. Now I know. It's the horse all right, all right."

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Semanticizing

LANGUAGE HABITS IN HUMAN AFFAIRS. By Irving J. Lee, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 270 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by HUGH WALPOLE

WITH Propaganda Analysis and General Semantics so much in the air, the theory of meaning has run little danger recently of being neglected; but it still stands just as much chance of being misapplied and misunderstood. Since Dr. Lee's book is interesting as the official popularization of the ideas of Count Alfred Korzybski, and has a foreword by the Count, it is worth our while to go through a brief outline of it. We are invited to regard language as a map, which is not the territory the map represents. Normal readers and listeners waste too much time expecting to find one meaning in a word, a sentence, or an utterance. Our nervous systems cannot connect with all the details of anything, and our verbal descriptions fall even farther short of being complete. We have a tendency to speak as if things are not changing, whereas actually they are changing even as we speak. We need to cultivate our sense of the different-ness of things, and work our way into an infinite-valued orientation. It is better to be oriented extensionally, realizing the primary importance of life facts, than to be intensionally oriented, and to order our behavior in terms of definitions, arguments, and theories. Words cannot affect things. If we want to act like silent things, we must keep silent. There are four different senses of "is." A grown-up person can train himself in sanity by getting a piece of apparatus called the Structural Differential, and explaining to others how to tell its beads.

Harold J. Laski

It is commendable for somebody to keep hammering in at least some of these points, especially to children and such laymen as need to be rather shouted at. Considering the points reasonably, one sees that they assume with complete credulity the myth of the physicist's objectivity. And the map analogy ("A language, to be useful, should be similar in its structure to the structure of the events which it is supposed to represent," quoted on page 17 by Dr. Lee from Count Korzybski) is too weak to be relied upon so much: as a rough-and-ready approximation it will serve some purposes, but the word "similar" trembles very violently under inspection. However, it is unfair to consider these ideas reasonably when the attitude invited is a combination of those appropriate to Dale Carnegie and Father Divine.

Dr. Lee's book is usefully typical of the Korzybski movement, itself a between-wars phenomenon, a blanket description of which might note in its adherents considerable boldness in their claims of what their panacea would achieve; in their own dealings with language, a tendency to be blind to its theory and thumb-fingered in its practice; certain stylistic peculiarities, such as misplaced quotation marks.

The insistence upon dates has been prophetic, for the events of December 1941 and January 1942 leave this book and its predecessors dated indeed. For people whose claims and interests have been so wide, who have been such clarions for facts-outside-the-skin, it is strange how the General Semanticists are caught with their guard down. "Language in Action" praised certain newspapers for "instinctively avoiding the unqualified two-valued orientation" where Hitler is concerned, and for reminding us "of the external causes that produced Hitlerism and of the fascistic tendencies in our own nation." Count Korzybski in his foreword to Dr. Lee's book says, "No matter who wins this war, we will have to talk things over, which means the use of language." As messages for the times, these already need revision. To quote Mr. Raymond Clapper: "We know now that force must be used sometimes in the cause of justice."

En Route to Victory

THE STRATEGY OF FREEDOM. By Harold J. Laski. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 144 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH P. LASH

WHEN Harold Laski, left-wing British laborite, used to arrive on an American campus, students in flocks would turn out to hear a socialist analysis of democracy's crisis stated in the impeccable accents of Oxford. And when at the end of a brilliantly constructed discourse Professor Laski would bid the young men and women in his audience to join the "emancipation struggle of humanity," they were convinced that that was the only right and exciting thing to do. Few men of ideas have had as strong a hold over our American undergraduates.

It is appropriate, therefore, that Professor Laski should address this "Open Letter to American Youth," warning them: "The threat today is to ourselves and the Soviet Union directly; to you, I admit, it is an indirect threat. But if we go down, it becomes the main factor in your lives; and the fear of insecurity by which we are haunted will hang over you also like a constant nightmare."

The great virtue of Professor Laski's tract is that it does not berate the students to whom it is addressed for cowardice, cynicism, or lack of patriotism. On the contrary, it assumes, in my opinion correctly, that American youth's reluctance to embrace the British cause with vigor and enthusiasm is rooted in social idealism. The burden of Professor Laski's letter to American youth is, therefore, that only a victory over Hitler will make it possible to give "a new and wider meaning to liberty and equality."

This is the recurring note in the book. Because Professor Laski respects the intelligence of the student audience to whom his letter is addressed, he is careful not to assume that the defeat of Hitler automatically means a better social order. One cannot but be impressed with the frankness of his reservations on this score. One of the telling points he makes is that American youth can have an influence on the shape of things to come only if it accepts its responsibility in contributing to the defeat of Hitler.

President Shuster of Hunter College recently remarked that one of the few reversals that Hitler has suffered has been his failure to enlist the support of the youth of the occupied countries for his New Order. In this grim fall of 1941, college editorials indicate that student America likewise is groping toward a new position. This book should help it to make its choice.

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Biblical Heritage

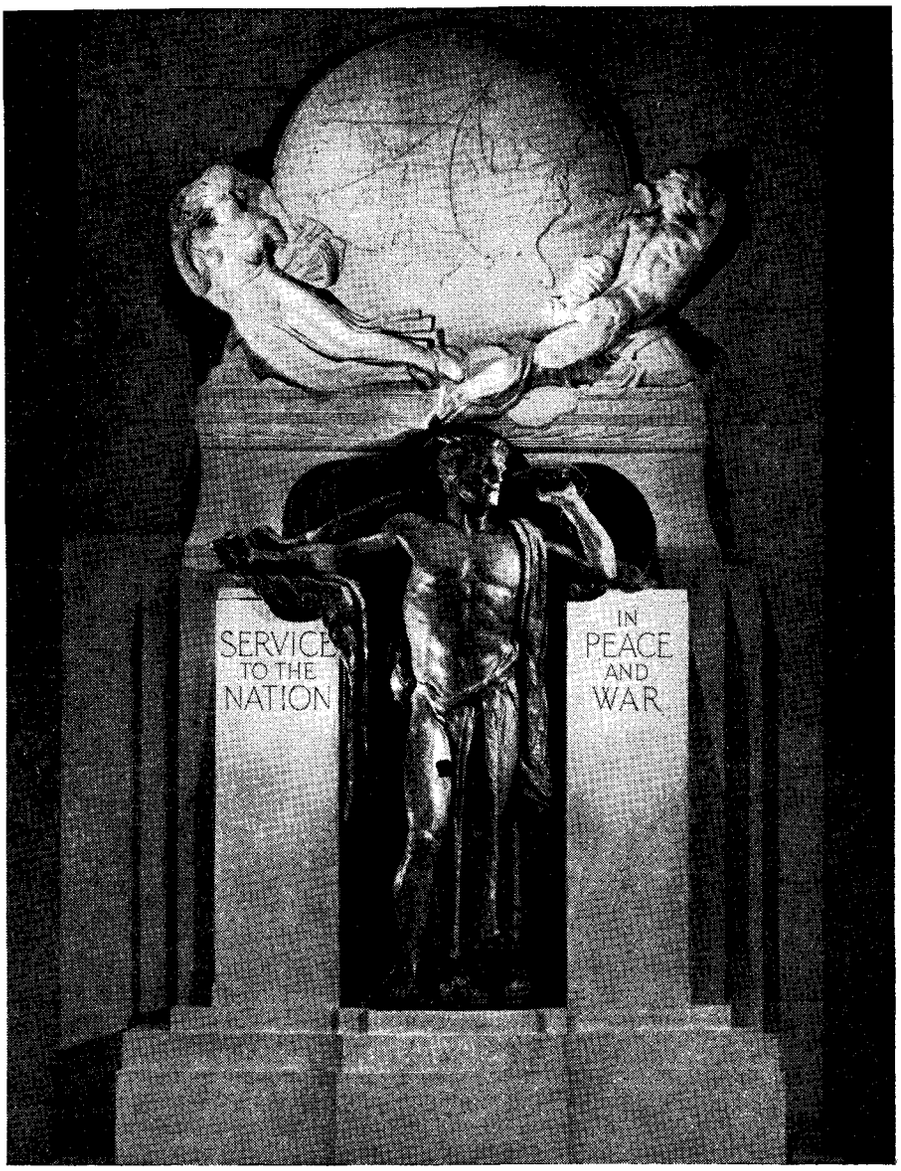
THE LITERARY LINEAGE OF THE KING JAMES BIBLE. By Charles C. Butterworth. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1941. 394 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THERE are still to be found people who think of the English Bible in the authorized version—the King James Bible—as a miracle of superb English which sprang, suddenly and unassisted, Minerva-like, from the collective brow of a committee of Anglican divines. Even those who know better, who are familiar with the work of earlier translators, especially of the incomparable Tyndale, do not always realize the rich heritage of versions which the translators of 1611 possessed. In no book known to me is that heritage so carefully and skillfully set out as in this book of Dr. Butterworth's. He has not been content to write of the influence of the Lollard versions, of Geneva, of Rheims, of Coverdale, and, of course, Tyndale, he has taken into account the translations of parts of scriptural books to be found in such books as Caxton's "Golden Legend" or Sir Thomas More's "Treatise on the Passion." The result is a volume in which the scholar and the lover of English literature can follow the changes that were made until the perfection of 1611 was reached. In an appendix Mr. Butterworth compares and analyzes ten selected passages, and supports his analysis with annotations. I could not help wondering, as I read his book, whether he had ever come across one of Rudyard Kipling's latest short stories. It contained a bold suggestion for the origin of the splendor of the authorized version of Isaiah. This prophet was translated by the Oxford sub-committee: and Kipling fancied that the Fellows responsible, who knew the Crown Inn where Mrs. Davenant was hostess, were introduced by Will Davenant to a retired playwright, William Shakespeare, and condescended to allow him to revise their version of Isaiah. And Shakespeare gave us what we now read. It is not history: but it *is* a pleasant fancy.

College Graduates

F. Lawrence Babcock, for six years a writer for *Fortune's* Survey of Public Opinion, has incorporated his findings on what happens to graduates after they leave college in "The U. S. College Graduate." Based on research by *Time,* with the coöperation of many colleges, it should illuminate the values gained from a college education.



"Service to the nation in peace and war"

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH MUSIC CRITICS

(*Continued from page 4*)

skies by the majority of papers can promote debutante musicians to heroes. It often happens that critics, startled at first by some impressive quality of a new musical figure slowly cool off (they must not disavow themselves too rapidly) and, in the end, are permanently disappointed by the musician whom they first had crowned with laurels. A nimbus is tenacious and draws adulators. But, for a while, at least, the prematurely heralded musician remains a hero, and the hero naturally advertises only the favorable judgments, never circulates the adverse criticisms. No musician has ever included in his propaganda material the sceptical voices which are spared to none! It also happens that all the praise in the world does not suffice to make a musician a hero if what he presents and represents is more exclusive than big audiences like; and there is no hero without big audiences. Occasionally forces stronger than the press—tradition, inertia, ladies committees, managers—succeed in keeping at the top musicians whom the press denies the qualification to be there.

MUCH of what I have said about critics creating heroes does not apply to the critics in smaller towns, especially where visiting musicians are concerned; for their reputation depends chiefly on the metropolitan press. This particularly explains why every musician who dreams of a public career thinks it indispensable to get examined and hallmarked in the metropolis. It is somehow tragicomical that public performances assume this air of school examinations, even in the case of accepted masterworks and mature, acknowledged masters. To calculate what efforts, of all mankind, were accumulated to reach a summit in Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis,* and what labor of generations was necessary, in order to produce a good performance of it; then to weigh that against what it might cost some very young man or girl to write twenty or more crushing lines about both—this might really lead to some mental discomfort. Yet Beethoven will not be dethroned, nor will his judges be dismissed. The sword of Damocles, in the shape of a press notice, hanging above each public performance, is not the driving power for the performer's desire to do his best. To eliminate possible error, let me say that composers and performers make their best efforts, not in order to please an audience and to get good reviews, but because the music within and without demands and commands it!

To sum up: press reviews about publicly performed music are intended to inform the audience, but not all of its members read them. They are not meant to teach musicians. Some of the readers of this intended information may dislike what is highly recommended, feeling superior or inferior to it. What, I ask once more, is the effect on music? Useful? Harmful? None? Even if only rarely useful, the institution would be justified. It is, in any case, obviously a necessity because of the way public life is being conducted, concert life organized, and musical traffic regulated. The critic is a musician and an idealist. He never wants to damage persons. He is obliged to adjust his work to inadequate environments. The best among the critics must arrive at a vexing dilemma: namely, to realize that what is objectionable to him, who is gifted and learned, who measures according to his ideals and his knowledge of the task, is yet very good and capable of revealing to an understanding audience some authentic beauties of musical art. What shall he write? He cannot say that it is good enough for them but not for him. Such a dilemma must ultimately lead to a compromise, in the interest of music, to call the good the best. This is a concession to the surprising claim that the "people" must always be given the best, though it is more than doubtful whether the best can even be perceived except by the few.

The scale of artistic merits differs for each individual. No authority is conceivable which could alter this natural dispensation—not even a dictator! Despite the strong present tendencies towards nihilism among intellectuals, these varying reactions to artistic values, and consequently different opinions concerning them, have not yet led to a denial of (distinctions between) artistic values. This is due, I think, to normal man's inclination to consider what he likes as superior to what he likes less. We may suppose that everybody—every normal person, I repeat—has preferences. Such discrimination, unless it is checked, must, of course, produce anarchy, To be fair, very many persons, if they are not pleased with a certain piece of music, say, and believe, that they are not pleased only because they do not "understand" it. What this confession actually means is never quite clear to a musician. At any rate, he has his misgivings.

TO mitigate the confusion, efforts have been devoted since ancient times to the detection of the criteria by which an absolutely valid hierarchy of artistic values could be established. For music as an art—the youngest of the arts—such attempts began not very long ago, but they became so attractive that more and more minds became occupied with the problems. These minds, too, contribute to music only by means of words. The importance of their work is to be seen in the accurate inspection and scholarly interpretation of the gradual refinement of music and its development into an independent, ample complex, a priceless and inseparable part of our civilization's noblest and truest resources.

Pure musicians rarely participate in these activities—activities which require a scientific type of talent and, in any case, take much time. I have said before that the musicologist who possesses the qualities of historian, philosopher in esthetics, analyst and sociologist, probably chooses music as his subject of research because he loves music. He is probably active in it, and has certainly practised it already as a child. Systematic study of all the ingredients constituting music is a preparatory stage for research, and the enormous quantity of music and data usually known to musicologists continually astonishes the musician, making him almost ashamed of his own limited knowledge. But to be both the living raw material of music and its dissector is too great an ambition.

All the investigations and speculations of the musicologist have not succeeded in establishing absolute standards for building a doctrine devoid of ambiguity. They may even increase the existing confusion produced by the different effects of music on different listeners; these latter may now read books on music presenting different suggestions for this insoluble problem how to define as a magnitude what can only be received and appreciated by individual impressions. I shall come back to this irritating point. The most

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intelligent, penetrating, and original of such books are intellectually exacting and, therefore, are not widely circulated. There is greater demand, on the other hand, for popular, short, showy, sentimental, and dramatic biographies of great or fashionable musicians, and also for a type of information about music which corresponds to that in guide books for sightseeing tourists. There is also a demand for stories and statistics which more or less deliberately pander to poorer taste.

All this literature, however, distracts one from the real issues. Annotations to programs are also of very questionable value. Musical periodicals or magazines, with the exception of those given over to the serious discussions of ideas and conditions, are for the most part mere advertisement plantations interspersed with articles and gossip. There are also reviews and criticisms, but these are merely fillers. They cannot be classified together with journalistic writing on musical art. Something quite different is intended. What they admittedly want is just advertisements which, remarkably enough, they get, though these mean nothing, at least nothing for music, and probably little for the prosperity of musicians.

Lectures on music are divided practically in the same manner as literature on music—exploration and exploitation of music. Encyclopedias of music also have existed, since the eighteenth century, and they are periodically supplemented with the necessary augmentations. Some are carefully arranged by conscientious scholars and are indispensable for cultured people as books of comprehensive reference; some are very careless imitations of the good examples and, therefore, only a nuisance.

What is the real issue? Simply music? The spirit, the generator of music, a phenomenon sending to man's mind tones, an imagination of sounds, urging him to release them to a boundless variety of incorporeal structures called compositions which need a transformation into material sounds—performances—to reach their final destination and reality? Or, is the final destination reached only when the material sounds return through the senses of one listening to his mind, and through it, back to its unknown origin—the divine reality? Well, we human beings have been given a wondrous present, a primary source of happiness, which is felt whether we express ourselves by using it or have our emotions aroused by hearing a performance by someone else.

This article constitutes a preview of "Music and the Line of Most Resistance," by Arthur Schnabel, to be published shortly by the Princeton University Press.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FOURTH BOMB *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Death of English jewel merchant during air raid turns out to be murder. Insp. Waghorn does legwork. Dr. Priestley sums up.	Interesting picture of English rural life during wartime. Characters interesting; detecting sound; action leisurely; solution logical.	Standard British brand
DRAWN CONCLUSION *W. A. Barber and R. F. Schabelitz* (Crime Club: $2.)	Quadruple slaughter in New England coast mansion gives sketcher-sleuth and fiancee some ticklish moments.	Houseful of highly strung characters provides plentiful action and numerous shuddery situations. Illustrations help out plot considerably.	Worthwhile
SILENT ARE THE DEAD *Geo. Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Camera man discovers two New England killings, takes appropriate shots and helps solve tangled crime.	Well worked out plot, convincingly written and packed with action. Casey the newsphotographer is excellent addition to tough 'tec ranks.	Better grade
DEATH TURNS THE TABLES *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Ill-reputed fiance of English judge's daughter found slain. Jurist suspected. Dr. Fell analyzes it.	Although not quite up to some earlier Fell feats, bulky doctor's personality carries off yarn pretty well.	Diverting
THE RIDDLE OF THE ROVERS *Arthur Bartlett Maurice* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	New York clubman disappears from private dinner with several enemies. Fellow member investigates and turns up many odd facts.	Great deal of villainy, mostly portrayed through lengthy "flashbacks" to past. Some exciting moments but "mystery" is translucent.	Average

The connoisseur's corner

BY JOAN COLEBROOK

All That Seemed Final

★"A fine, clever book, well written and thoroughly convincing. Against the ominous background of political indecision, aimlessness and outright blindness, it projects like a magic lantern the pink and silver colored dream world of London's social and semi-intellectual elite." — *New York Times*

$2.50

BY E. P. O'DONNELL

The Great Big Doorstep

★"A rich, roistering, indelicate and amusing story of the Mississippi delta country." — *New Yorker*

★"A rambling, rowdy, amusing yarn, 'The Great Big Doorstep' records a few months in the life of an indelicate Cajun family by the name of Crochet." — *Ralph Thompson, New York Times.*

$2.50

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Two New Book Clubs

CARL P. ROLLINS

THE Readers Club and The Classics Club are not book clubs in the older sense of the Grolier and the Club of Odd Volumes, but in the newer style of business organizations formed to distribute large editions at low cost. Their books must be considered primarily as purveyors of literature, but it will do no harm to look at their typographical appearance. For the motto of such endeavors should be "Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly."

The eight volumes of The Readers Club have a jaunty air as they parade in gay colors on the shelf—a first impression confirmed by many of them when the covers are opened. I don't know that this insouciance in the bindings is a good thing: one contemplates shelf after shelf of these bindings with something like dismay. One feels that a *series* of books should look more the part—a reflection considerably tempered by the very serious and repetitive character of The Classics bindings! Perhaps the Non-such Dickens solved the problem: the innumerable volumes of that series had the same stamping but the cloths were of different colors.

The Readers Club books are more interesting typographically as would be expected from the hands of William A. Dwiggins and Warren Chappell—who always bring a touch of whimsy to their designs. In the books at hand this is not too noticeable, and with the exception of "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," where the thousand pages make a formidable volume, the books are all easy reading. They are all newly set up for this series, and the paper is pleasant in color and texture, and the binding is as sound as one could expect. The books are not best sellers—or rather weren't until The Readers Club resurrected them with rather startling success—but at a dollar a volume to members and a dollar fifty in the book stores they are as good a value as one can meet with.

Less satisfactory in typography are the books of The Classics Club: the squat twelve-mo (the "dear and dumpy twelves" of Austin Dobson's affection) show some amateurishness in type pages. The Franklin "Autobiography" (with some admirable editorial paraphernalia) is too widely leaded: the "Tale of Two Cities" is an awkward book, probably because the paper was not properly selected. The binding suffers from monotony, or will when the shelf fills with the succeeding volumes. An old-fashioned eye rather likes the frankly series-like stamping, but would not object to some variation in the book cloths. It is hard to quarrel with an eighty-nine cent edition in cloth boards, clearly printed. Yet one may be permitted to wish, perhaps nostalgically, that both of these interesting attempts at popular priced books had a little more of that indefinable bookish quality of the Hesperides series, or the Everyman texts.

American Tears and Laughter

One night last winter a group in Jonathan Edwards College in Yale University were thrown into convulsions of laughter when a distinguished member of Mother Yale's family sang, in his best manner, a song called "Eva," written, according to the program, by John Greenleaf Whittier. A more atrocious collection of bad rhymes was never heard, and more than one in the audience went home that night to consult his Cambridge Edition of the poet to see if some joke had not been perpetrated. It was all gloomily true: Whittier had rhymed Eva with never, Eva with river, Eva with believer, and so on. Well, "Eva" is one of the hundreds of American songs and marches listed in "Early American Sheet Music, Its Lure and Its Lore, 1768-1889," along with the sad, mad, bad, glad minstrelsy of our country.

The book is not a bibliography, but a selected list, partially annotated, of nearly a thousand pieces of the most interesting items in the possession of collectors. The authors, Harry Dichter and Elliott Shapiro, have rounded up most of the old favorites (though I wish they had more clearly identified the "Corn Stalks" song: is it "Corn cobs twist your hair, cart wheels surround you?") and the words, the names of the composers, of minstrel companies, even of music publishers, set memory playing hopscotch through one's head. Thirty-two pictures of old sheet music do nothing to allay the excitement.

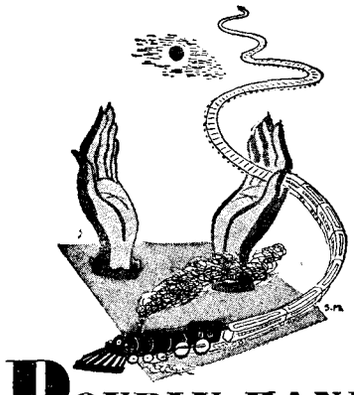
The book starts off with the Presidential Marches—one for each occupant of the White House (adding to the perils of that high office), and then groups the songs by periods, arranging the separate entries by subject heads within each period. A long and valuable list of American sheet music publishers, and an index of songs and authors complete the volume. Many short bibliographical notes are added to the entries. The whole makes a stout quarto volume of permanent value.

The Care of Maps

"Notes on the Care and Cataloguing of Old Maps" is a small, compact handbook for the guidance of those who have the vexatious problem of caring for maps. Nowhere in it do I find help for those who have no room in which to store these recalcitrant sheets, but for the library or decently equipped map room Mr. Lloyd A. Brown of the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor has given suggestions of Storage and Equipment, Classification, Cataloguing and Nomenclature, with a list of References. The information is detailed and helpful on a subject which has not hitherto, I believe, received such careful attention. There is but one fault with the book, otherwise charmingly designed by Edmund B. Thompson: the paper is too heavy and too curly for so small a volume, and is unpleasant to handle.

University Presses

University publishing houses have assumed an increasing importance in recent years: the scope of their publications has become as broad as that of any house (except for fiction) and they are being written about with in-



DOUBLY HANDY

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telligence and some critical interest. Mr. Miers's entertaining "Composing Sticks and Mortar Boards" (reviewed in this department on July 12, 1941) originally issued as a privately printed volume, has now been issued as a trade edition. Mr. Updike gave serious consideration to the subject in his "Some Aspects of Printing Old and New" issued in 1941.

A factual study of American University presses is hidden in a thesis by a graduate student at the University of Chicago, as yet unpublished. This valuable but uncritical study tells the story of these presses from the day in the eighteen fifties when Leonidas Polk, the fighting bishop of Tennessee, made the first recommendation for the establishment of a press at Sewanee. There is announcement of a symposium on the purpose and conduct of such presses in the next number of *Print*, and there is rumor of an early volume of essays by various hands on the subject.

What would be of value is a critical appraisal of the literary and typographical output of the publishing activities of our American universities.

Monument to Glass

AMERICAN GLASS. By George S. and Helen McKearin. New York: Crown Publications. 1941. 622 *pp.* $4.

This publication, long awaited by those who knew the author's activities, will probably render unnecessary any further compendium on the subject. Future generations may clarify some of the many confusions still existing, but it is doubtful if at present anything of known moment has been left unsaid or uncovered by this really awe-inspiring volume.

That such an inclusive work could have been put on the market at such a price is an index of what can be done by faith and quantity production. In view of the tremendous number of illustrations, all of which seem to make their point clear, their quality cannot be called to question. The liberal use of simple line drawings to show shapes and types amply justifies the labor involved.

The discussion of early makers and glass houses is particularly full and will be of great value to the student who has hitherto been left pretty much in the fog in this and other particulars. In this connection, the extremely delicate subject of attributions has been handled with firmness and discretion.

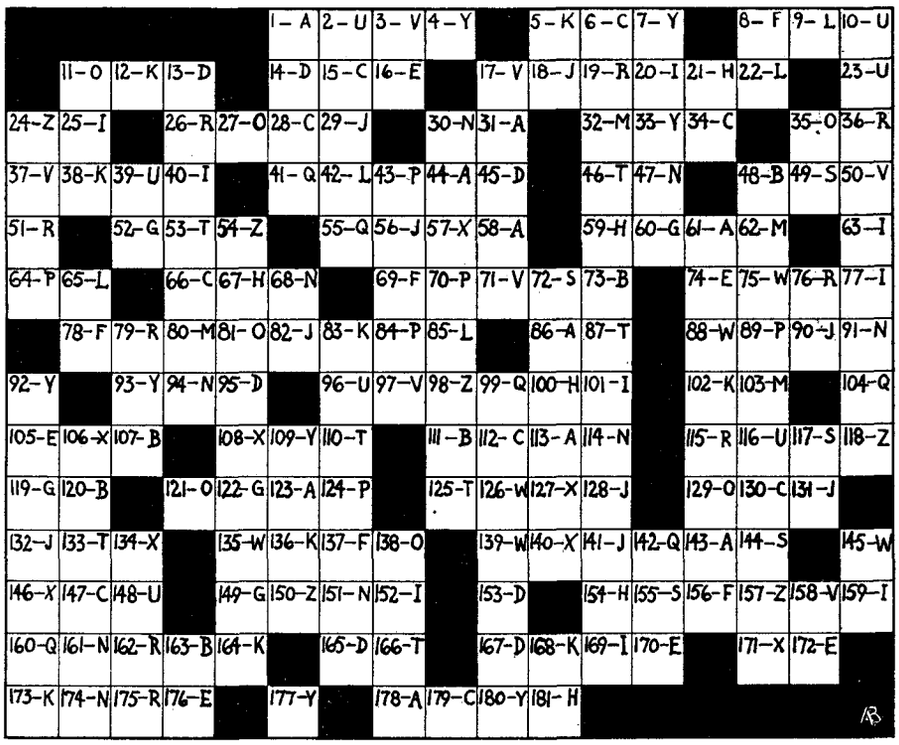
The field covered by the book carries well into the nineteenth century, in fact to many of those horrors which once recognized should be well forgotten.

Certainly no one at all interested in this very popular and difficult material can afford to be without this much needed discussion of it, particularly as it is so modestly priced.

M. R. R.

Double-Crostics: No. 407

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 9 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The gist or pith of something.
B. Last name of Hawthorne heroine.
C. Austrian pianist in America (1862——).
D. Fearless.
E. A casual worker on a farm (English).
F. Virulent.
G. God of wisdom and magic (Egypt).
H. First name of character in word *B*.
I. Infused deeply.
J. A maze in which the minotaur was confined.
K. As one desires (Latin) (2 wds.)
L. A short song of rustic character.
M. Russia leather.
N. To wander in a winding course; river in ancient Greece.
O. An affair of chance.
P. A pearl of great luster.
Q. Ones remaining.
R. Playful.
S. Swift's nationality.
T. Excess, redundancy.
U. Bit with grinding teeth.
V. Pretty but worthless baubles.
W. Legitimate.
X. A plate; course of a meal (Fr.)
Y. The Divine Manifestation (Jewish and Christian).
Z. Slender graceful beings.

WORDS

178 123 143 44 113 1 86 61 58 31
111 120 73 107 48 163
130 112 147 34 15 66 6 179 28
153 45 13 14 167 165 95
172 16 176 74 105 170
137 69 8 156 78
149 60 119 52 122
67 100 154 59 181 21
25 77 40 159 63 169 152 20 101
29 18 141 131 82 132 90 128 56
168 164 173 12 102 38 5 136 83
85 9 65 42 22
103 62 80 32
47 161 174 30 151 94 91 68 114
11 81 129 121 27 35 138
43 64 89 84 70 124
142 55 99 160 104 41
162 36 19 26 79 175 76 115 51
117 72 49 144 155
166 46 125 53 110 133 87
10 39 116 148 2 23 96
71 3 158 50 97 17 37
139 75 88 135 126 145
140 127 134 106 146 108 171 57
92 33 7 180 177 4 93 109
54 24 118 157 150 98

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TRADE WINDS

Log of a Literary Reporter: Dec. 29—The enterprising initiative of Bennett Cerf in getting Cecil Brown, CBS reporter, to do a book on his experiences . . . The American Booksellers Association is beginning to poll booksellers for their choice of the "best" book of 1941 . . . "Land of Spices," by Kate O'Brien, seems to be a strong candidate . . . Date of publication for "Mission to Moscow" and an amazing education for the conservatives and even some radicals . . . "Genesee Fever," by Carl Carmer, reaches the bookstores . . . Daniel B. Updike, famous printer, dies.

★ ★

Dec. 30—Reading has taken a decline, says the report of the American Library Association. Eighty-five institutions in thirty-six states attribute this fact to (1) Increased employment and work hours; (2) War and conditions . . . Other findings by this group reveal that novels with a war background are losing favor and that fiction with "spiritual" ideas is most popular . . . Books on aircraft coming from all presses.

Dec. 31—A brief day for practically all publishing houses. No books published. The films, "The Stars Look Down" and "How Green Was My Valley," both of which were adapted from books, are honored by the 1941 balloting of the New York Film Critic.

★ ★

Jan. 1, 1942—New Year's Day . . . Publishers announce smaller lists and hence will use more discriminating judgment.

★ ★

Jan. 2—First Book-of-the-Month Club choice of the New Year: "The Ivory Mischief" . . . First mystery: "Here Lies the Body." Scribners announces publication for January 12 of Herbert Hoover's memoirs . . . A warm day and home with "The Plain Dealer—100 Years in Cleveland."

This is a day of lull. The beginning of the New Year finds us in a somber and speculative mood. The literature of the newspaper headlines records our social, historical and cultural future. As America assumes its leadership for the survival of Democracy, we look ironically enough to our great growth in the field of distinguished book publishing. And much of it is contributed by those writers who have been cast out from countries where good and great minds and talents are not wanted.

★ ★

☞We browse through the announcements of The Viking Press. In this year 1942 we find three refugee authors on their list. Three great literary figures with new works they have written and completed in a country that welcomes them and honors them. Lion Feuchtwanger has written the last of the historical series, "Josephus and the Emperor" which began with "Josephus" and "The Jew in Rome"; Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette" deals with the world-famous miracle of Lourdes in 1858. And the last of this group is Stefan Zweig with "Amerigo: A Comedy of Errors in History."

★ ★

☞As we continue to look through the Viking catalogue we note with interest the forthcoming book by John Steinbeck. Written during 1941, it is his first novel since "The Grapes of Wrath." The book—"The Moon is Down," goes outside America for its setting and tells, in personal terms, why free men and women cannot be conquered.

★ ★

☞He is back again and this time with "Dragon's Teeth." Upton Sinclair, author of some thirty of forty novels, thousands of tracts. Upton Sinclair was a tremendous influence on the young men and women of thirty years ago. And his greatest influence, we feel certain, has not yet been realized, for Sinclair's full stature awaits an age that has more time for retrospection and perspective. Already, however, the Russians, the Danes, Norwegians and the Germans before World War II, have paid him homage. In his new book, Sinclair carries on with the Budd family which has appeared in his two most recent works.

☞The old-time radical is still the radical. Perhaps a little more mellow, but always genuine and sincere in all efforts he undertakes. He is the last of that useful and truthful group of reporters that included such figures as Lincoln Steffens and Ida Tarbell.

★ ★

☞Henry A. Bowman, author of "Marriage for Moderns," which Whittlesey will publish January 26, has for the past seven years been in charge of the Marriage Course at Stephens College, Columbia, Mo. His book is based on questions asked in individual consultations with more than 1,200 students, topics brought up in scores of discussion groups, and hundreds of written inquiries on problems connected with preparation for marriage.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

If you want the true account of the Japanese in HAWAII, read

MAN IN PARADISE

by Walker Winslow

New York Times

"It may well be that while we are concerned with subversive groups in the United States, there is a menace in the Pacific Ocean of which we are not fully aware. The Hawaiian Islands are peopled with Americans from the States, with natives, with Chinese, with Japanese and with mixtures of all of these. According to Walker Winslow, author of the novel, MAN IN PARADISE, the melting pot in these tropical lands has not dissolved and assimilated all differences of background. While some of the Japanese are loyal to the government under which they prosper, there are a goodly number, he makes clear, who are preparing for 'the day' which will mark the beginning of Japan's domination of this part of the world. . . . The book reaches a certain distinction by virtue of its timeliness and the author's accusation against those in power in democracy and those who seek power."—*November 30, 1941*

San Francisco News

"The scenic backdrop lure of Hawaii has been exploited extensively by a legion of writers. Historically minded penmen have recently been adding their bit by adding glamor with the robust Island saga.

"Yet despite the Niagara of words that has splashed over the breakers at Waikiki (to wring the utmost out of a dampish metaphor) the novelists have left most of the verbal pyrotechnics to the composers of glorified travelogues or their more staid comrades, the historians.

"Walker Winslow has looked around the islands and found something more than material for a romantic brochure. He has written a lively (and what in island circles will undoubtedly be looked upon as a highly controversial) novel dealing with the racial, social and political problem of Hawaii today."—*November 29, 1941*

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